

[From The Index.]

THE OLD GODS.

ZEUS.

Shrank I long since, O Jhever!,
Oh my hill-throne to a shadow;
Ceased to summon into conclave
Gods of ocean, stream, and meadow.
Reigned I, while the nations dreaming
Peopled air with shapes immortal,—
Whom the poets saw in vision,
Thronging oft my cloudy portal.

But e'en to the Age of Reason
You your kingdom have extended,—
Naught have gained you; your dominion
Will at last like mine be ended.
Storm-clouds on the heights of Sinai
From no more your dread pavilion;
Round its barren base no longer
Knell the low-browed, awe-struck million.

Where we dwell, the mountain other,
With its keen breath, chills and freezes,—
Zion, Meru, and Olympus
Fan no more celestial breezes.

JEHOVAH.

Fell I, too; I am a shadow,—
Primal man's imagination
Shaped me, throned me in the heavens,
Deemed the All my hand's creation.

Of the Universe the vision
On man's soul at length is breaking;
Scorns he now his ancient sky-gods,
At whose bolts he erst was quaking—
Law of duty in his reason,
Not on stony tablets, findeth—
All things into ordered cosmos
Feels the nameless might that bindeth;

That through boundless space, duration,
Restless, tireless throbs forever,—
Thus illumined, men our lieges
Will be, as they erst were never.
Even now our airy sceptres,
Bards, so loyal once, are scorned;
Myths they call us—men colossal,
Visions of the young world's morning.

BRAHMA.

I, an oceanic essence,
Formless, bodiless abstraction—
As a dream was ever worshipped,
An abyss of mere inaction.
O'er the golden horn of Meru
Float I tranquil, calm as ever,
Mindless, passionless my votaries
Change from me cannot dis sever.

ORMUZD.

I, an optimistic vision,
Am the good time always looming,
When the earth, a sinless garden,
Shall with amaranths be blooming.

PANTHEON.

As in inlets, bays, the ocean
Ceaselessly its billows urges,
So through finite spirits rolling
Heave and flash my radiant surges;
Like the tranquil, cloudless ether,
Plain and mountain-peak transcendin'.
I, the pure and overign reason,
O'er low veils of sense am bending.

Through boundless space, expanded
In the atom too, I'm dwelling;
Every moment feels me pulsing,
Though through æons I am swelling,
When, in sense and languor sunken,
Grovel every race and nation,

Some great soul, idea-drunken,
Make I stem the degradation.

Pour I through his lips and glances
Surge-like, flame-like life remoulding,
Till eternal truth and beauty
Man's purged eyesight is beholding,
God's provincial, cloud-compellers,
Primal races, nations swaying!
Other than your pretty sceptres
Is the universe obeying!

HUMOROUS.

What Did the Man Say?

A scene in court with a stupid witness. A man has been caught in the act of theft, and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk.

Court (to the policeman, who was witness)—"What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness—"He said he was drunk."

Court—"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun he, did he? He didn't say 'he was drunk.'"

Witness—"Oh, yes, he did—he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting impatient at the witness' stupidity)—"you don't understand me at all; I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (deprecatingly)—"Oh, no, your honor. He didn't say you were drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor—"Pshaw! you don't comprehend at all. His honor means, did not the prisoner say to you, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (reflectively)—"Well, he might have said you was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for prisoner—"What the court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it first person, I, second person, thou, or the third person, he, she or it? Now, then, sir (with severity,) upon your oath, didn't my client say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (getting mad)—"No, he didn't say you was drunk either, but if he had I reckon he wouldn't a lied any. Do you s'pose the poor fellow charged the whole court with being drunk?"

"Does those bells sound an alarm of fire?" said a stranger, the other Sunday, as the church bells were calling together the worshippers. "Yes" was the reply, "but the fire is in the next world."

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter exorcence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer, going a bout like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

—Mr. Darwin is now engaged in the study of the "Baby" and has a profound article on that subject in the July number of an English quarterly. When Mr. Darwin, in his researches and investigations, discovers anything that will evolve the colic out of a four month baby any quicker than a twelve mile promenade in a fourteen foot room, will he kindly address this office? It doesn't do a bit of good to sing or declaim "Hootchie, pootchie, pudden pie," Mr. Darwin; we've tried that.

—Let a young gentleman and lady try the following scientific experiment: A galvanic battery is set in motion, and while he takes one handle in one of his hands she takes the other in one of hers. Then let them softly kiss each other. This is an improvement on the Brooklyn style, and it brings out all the fireworks there are in two moving souls.

"We find," said a coroner's jury out West, "that Bill Thompson came to his death by holding five aces when Jake Smith held four. And we find that nine aces are too many in a pack."